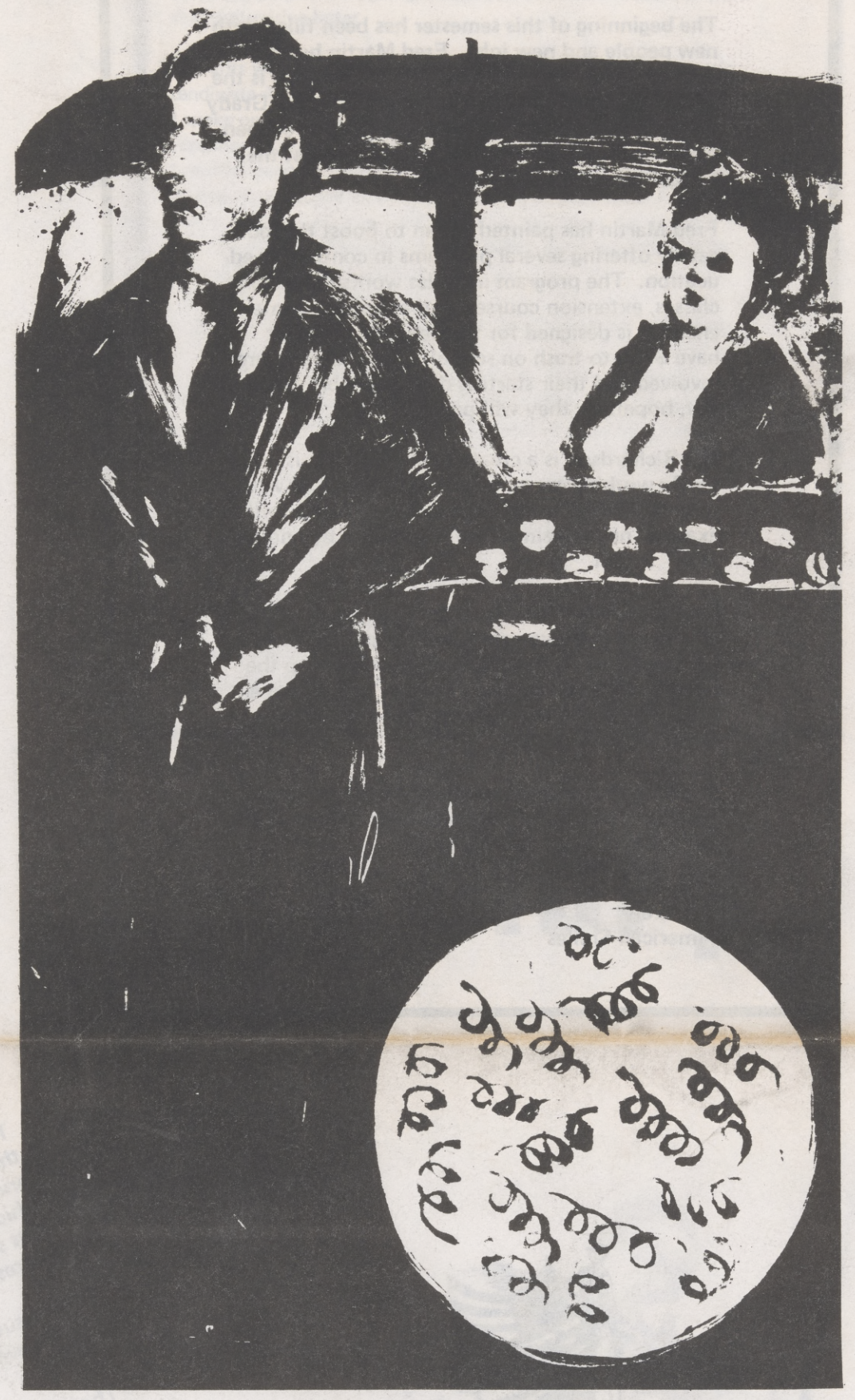
Feb 1983

AMERICAN SMILES



Stuart Vance

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AMERICAN SMILES

A Letter from the Editor

The beginning of this semester has been filled with new people and new jobs. Fred Martin has become the new Dean of Academics, Bill Richardson is the new Director of Adminstration, and Michael Grady is the new Director of Admissions. All three men have been busy with different tactics to get the budget out of the danger zone.

Fred Martin has painted a plan to boost the budget by offering several programs in continuing education. The program includes workshops, night classes, extension courses, and a summer conference. It is designed for the people who don't have $700 to trash on school. The programs are involved and their starting dates are a bit vague but, hopefully they will pay off.

Bill Richardson is a creative financer. He is presently working on some conceptual collage work to bail-out the budget. Anyone with some extra exactos, or magezines is urged to stop by and say "HI" to Bill.

Micheal Grady is also an artist. He believes that art is a competitive sport, and has put together his version of the football scholarship to up the enrollment. This scholarship plan was passed enthusiastically by the Board of Trustees at their last meeting (2.15.83).

All three men seem competent and eager to see the institute prosper. We welcome them and bid them much sucess in their quests.

Sincerely,
American Smiles

The big Gossip last week was the 4 Vice-Presidential appointments being proposed by the chairman of the board of trustees, Elliot Steinberg. The appointments involved Fred Martin, VP of Academic Affairs; Bill Richardson, VP of Administration; Mary Robinson, VP of Development; and Helene Fried, VP of Exhibitions.

Many objections were made to these appointments for many different reasons by the Faculty, Staff, and students. The lack of concern to these objections by the chairman put a great deal of tension in the air. Complaints were pouring into the president's office daily. Most of the objections were centered around the appointment of Helene Fried to a VP position.

From here the gossip sounds like an epic. One man stood alone to try to reach an agreement between the angered voices at the Institute and the chairman of the board (an outsider). Immediate action had to be taken. There were several meetings, some letters of disapproval, and alot of wild predictions. Finally, at five o'clock on St. Valentine's Day Stephen announced that he had fired Helene Fried.

The next day was the Board meeting. It began with the official clapping of Elliot's hands. He gave a brief explanation of what had happened to Helene which gradually turned into an epitaph. He said that she had resigned so that she could pursue other interests and tend her family.

The issue of the three VP's was tossed back and forth. It was eventually passed by a welcomed unanimous vote.

The president has certainly had his work cut-out for him lately. We recognize and commend his efforts.

Rumor has it Helene has several ventures here in the City, and on the east coast. So good luck to Helene! She's on to bigger and better things.

STAFF:

Dawn Kelly	editor
Stuart Vance	production
Darcel Henry	magic fingers
Victor Martinez	Dr. P

SPECIAL THANKS TO : George Manupelli, Annie Reiniger, Jeffrey Vickers, Kathy Blackman, Valda Nealley, Woody, Sharon the Liberian, Conn, Andrew Gray, and Eitan Hellel.

sponsored by the friendly STUDENT SENATE

American Smiles is published monthly ? We accept all responsibility for a newspaper with such a bad name. We like it.
Please send all inquires and submissions to: American Smiles, S.F.A.I., 800 Chestnut St., San Francisco,CA 94133.

Dear Editors:

Thank you for inviting me to write about my recent trip to Nicaragua to deliver art materials to artists there on behalf of the Art Institute community and especially students.

Since the project is on-going, I hope you can find the space to print the fund-raising letter.

Our gifts were graciously accepted by Ms. Rosario Murillo for the Sandinista Association of Cultural Workers on national television. I spoke on behalf of the Art Institute and was deeply moved by the reception I received. Nicaragua is a beautiful country with beautiful people. I was both in awe and humbled by the courage of their sturggle and victory earned at the dearest costs. I asked that our gifts of art materials, modest as they were, be accepted as an expression of support and friendship and hope for peace for the people of Nicaragua through the arts.

I said that there would be more; that they would not be forgotten.

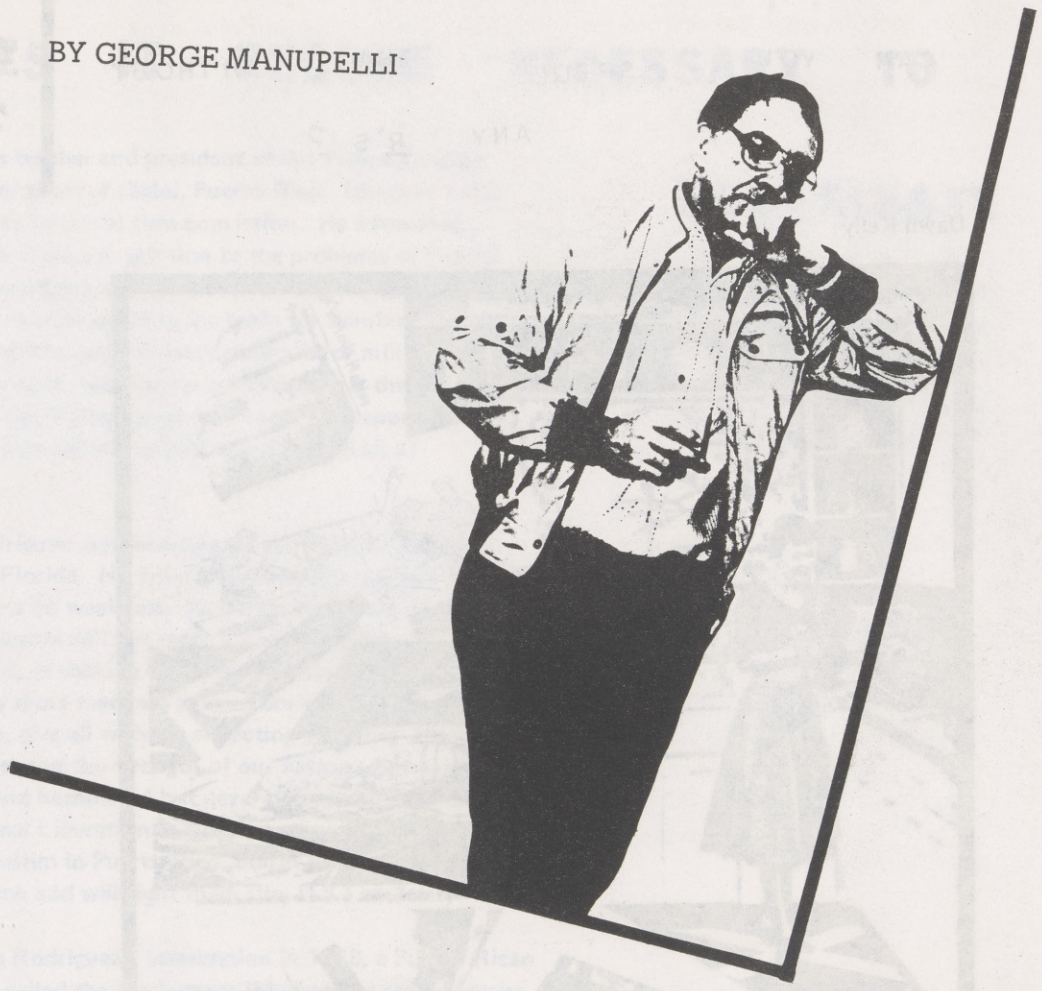
I have also begun to sketch a long narrative poem detailing the ten days Nick, Susan, Janet and I spent in Nicaragua. I would like to submit it to the school paper in installment beginning with this first.

George Manupelli

For further information contact:
AID TO THE ARTS OF NICARAGUA
c/o George Manupelli
San Francisco Art Institute
800 Chestnut Street
San Francisco, CA 94133

a diary

BY GEORGE MANUPELLI



On Delivering Art Suppies to NICARAGUA

friday january 28

there was the sendoff
with goodbyes that overlapped
as we dropped offwell-wishers
from the art institute
to the airport bar

overweight with art supplies at the ticket counter
straight vodka through the turblence and the night
dawn and the self-service motel in miami
for a long layover

saturday january 29

overweight again at aeronica
where we met janet in her fifties
she had left in a hurry
with no visa little money
but a sense of destiny

a letter i carried that began
first a warm and fraternal embrace
from the people and government of nicaragua
saw us through

serious young men with black machines
sniffed our carry-ons for explosives
there had already been a serious incident
full thrust

onboard nicaraguans with designer jeans
who were they
we masked ourselves with polite grins
who were we

the plane titled
beyond the wing lay the rugged mountains of nicaragua
where sandino had fought
where there was fighting still
where the newspapers would report two days later
that eight compesinos had been assassinated

and the next day
5 soldados sandinistas cayeron y otros cinco fueron heridos
58 liquidados en bismuna
otros 15 en cano la leona
while along the border hondurans and americans
mustered for massive military maneuvers

we added another hour to our watches
zero hour

the plane door opened
like a kiln after a bisque firing
the heat would be our companion
and bond us to this country for

the next ten days we were received by carlos aleman ocampo
from the sandinista association
of cultural workers a stocky man in his forties
who was a former soccer hero
playing defense who would be our guide and
historian and teacher and friend who opened two of our
nine cartons of
art supplies for a customs inspector
with a worn and friendly knife

some time ago there had been
a bombing at the airport
we passed security gaurds and
boarded a new tourist bus
amidst airport urchins and reunited
family and friends

the entire center of managua had been
claimed by the earthquake of 1972
acres of dirty vancant lots left by
somoza were slowly being cleaned
i saw new parks
a family or two still lived in the
occasional ruined building
their laundry flagging our eyes

carlos spoke of and we later saw
new housing
and even more under construction
one foreign journalist reported
only on the laundry
but to me even these poor red and
white duds flapped signaling hope

howard hughes had once occupied the
entire seventh floor of our hotel
(the climate then must have suited him)
we were divided into three rooms on
the second guests of the sandinistas

i took a photograph from the window
of my room two men embraced in
the quiet street outside
i closed my eyes
i was in nicaragua
i opened them again

THIS HOUSE IS _____

This House is_____ is an American Smiles art show. it was designed to give everyone the opportunity to show their work. American Smiles is offering this format as one of our regular items. Next month's theme is:

What the World needs Now is

Deadline for submissions is March 12, 1983.

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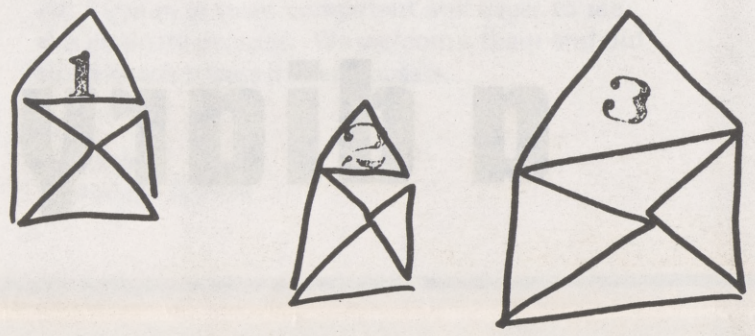
Kathy Blackman



RAILROAD CROSSING WATCH OUT FOR CARS

CAN YOU SPELL THAT WITHOUT

ANY R'S ?

Dawn Kelly

Woody Bolton

V alda Nealley

just talking

"I've decided that I don't want to live with you anymore."

Silence.

"I think there is something wrong with our relationship and I don t think we should keep going," he stutters, "together. " A little water starts to appear in the corner of Jackie's eye and the middle of his stomach tightens.

"What are you going to do?" she asks.

"Well," pause. "I guess I'll move out as soon as possible."

"Its so sudden!" she blurts. She begins to recede like someone sitting in the back seat of a car looking back at you, the car moving further and further away.

"I'm sorry," he said and touches her abortirely; her skin is clammy.

"You were just talking about us moving over to San Francisco yesterday." A dry sob racks her small body and she moves further away from him on the bed. Then he has two visions. One is of the soft cotten ropes lying hidden and unused in the top drawer of his dresser. The other is of when he almost froze to death trying to get a ride back to Tahoe City. Everything had been so utterly white, the trees, the cars passing him; but no one would stop. The temperture kept dropping. Maybe he had become as white and invisible as the rest of his surroundings, he thought.

Jackie reaches over and shakes him, driving him out of his thoughts. "Andy," he stares at her white knuckles on his arm, "You were just talking."

By Andrew Gray

Eulogy to Angel Rodiriguez

V ictor Martinez

WHEN DOES IT BECOME NECESSARY TO ASSASINATE A MAN?

By Victor Martinez

Angel Rodriguez was a teacher and president of the Parent Teacher Association in his home town of Ciales, Puerto Rico. He was a knowledgeable Socialist Party leader of firm conviction. He advocated independance from the U.S. as a solution to the problems of Puerto Rico. Rodriguez actively protested the U.S. military occupation of Viegues and the Navy's policy of using the town for bombing target practice as well as the dislocation of the population for military manuevers. And when local fishermen protested against the U.S. Navy for the destruction of the (fishermen s) only means of support, Angel felt it was the same protest against armed aggressors in all of Puerto Rico.

Eventually Angel Rodiriguez was incarcerated by the U.S. and relocated to Tallahasse, Florida. His friend, Ricardo Montes said of Rodriguez, "He knew no weakness. We know that more sacrifices will be necessary, the beasts will not stop. Contrary to their concept of colonial assimulation, of making disappear all who would scrifice for their Nation, today more men and women are willing to sacrifice for patriotism, give all without expecting anything at all. This is a triumph that shows the strength of our nation. For centuries we have been abused and humiliated but never defeated." Montes goes on to say that "the National Liberation (a guerrilla movement dedicated to fighting U.S. imperialism in Puerto Rico, South America and elsewhere) has learned much and will fight them (the U.S.) endlessly."

Immediately following Rodriguez's assasination in 1979, a Puerto Rican military activist group called the Macheteros (Macheteros are sugarcane workers in Puerto Rico, a symbol of the Proletariat) retaliated against the U.S. by attacking a military bus and killing and wounding the military personell aboard. Later the Macheteros destroyed eleven fighter planes destined to be used against the liberation forces in El Salvador.

When does it become necessary to assasinate a man? For some it may be necessary to retard the growing liberation movement in a small country like Puerto Rico who demands the rights to her own mineral resources and demands the right to rule her own affairs free from interference from the U.S. or any other Nation. It may be necessary to silence the voice of those who like Rodriquez are not afraid to speak up about the injustice perpetrated by the imperialist policies of the U.S. Government in Puerto Rico and all over the world.

groovy corner

This is how people become killers.

At least it's honest.
We're not the only ones.
It's so familiar. It's gone too far.
It's too familiar. It's so far gone.

Get the picture? Take the picture.
Take it straight.
Take it at night with a flash.
Take it home.
Feeling like a criminal. Commit the crime.
One is enough.

She's not passive. She's so hard on men.

People are turning it down.
Food for bombs.
Silk dresses for desire.
Anonymous sweat for the whisper word.

Paying attention. Paying for everything.
IF YOU RE NOT A HERO GET OUT OF MY FACE'.

2 Working Girls.

Well I decided I wanted to write this essay and have it in the school paper. I guess my real motivation was to MAKE PEOPLE THINK about some particular thing I think is IMPORTANT. So I was whipping along doing that, easy as pie, I know what I think, I know what's important. But how to make it palatable? How to get those deadbeat, illiterate students out there to read it? This was the hard part. I tried doing it in a sort of straight-ass, essay acedeme style. (If not entertaining at least orthodox, eh) but that hardly seemed like effective bait. Something tastier was needed. Around that point I relized how fucked my premise was. Not only sleazy and manipulative, but boring for me. So *enough with that. I'll just have to pull it together and* talk in my own voice. So here it is this is what I want to say: Here we are poised on the lip of the artworld (DisneyWorld was built in the '70s, but Artworld's been with us alot longer.) But what are we really after? I'm sure a lot of kids in regular colleges know just what they're after. A degree with a fancy name, to get them a fancy job, and fancy house, etc. Or amongst the protohipoisie, a fancy career, and/or lifestyle.

BUT WHAT DO ART STUDENTS WANT?

Do you want to be a career artist? Do you want to change the world? Do you hope to get some sort of job after you graduate that will allow you to keep making art? Do you just want to not have to fuck with the Dominant Cultures success trips? What do you think is going on here? Do you think that if you try hard and do reasonably well (by the standards of the community) that eventually you'll get somewhere and when you get there it'll be what you want? Well honey, that can lead to some upleasant surprises 'round about middle age. Let's talk to this poor soul over here. Tell me did you used to think that if you got ahead, had success you'd be happy? "Well, yeah, I used to *think that, I might still believe it.* Since I never did get ahead I don't know. I try to be happy." What do you do now? "I work in a bank." Is it creative? "I try to be a creative person." What do you think you got out of art school? "It was a wonderful experience. Very enriching. I was exposed to ideas I never would have been otherwise." What do you do at the bank? "I'm a teller." If you'd gone to college instead do you think you'd have a better job? "Well, you know, its an OK job. I don't intend to do it forever."

Let's turn to our next guest. Now as I understand it, you don't really do anything, right? "That's right. Sometimes I have a little shitty job here, or a little shitty job there. And then nothing for awhile, then more of the same. But, like that's not my identity, that's just how I stay alive." Then what would you say your identity was? "Staying alive." And you went to art school? "Yeah, I did that for awhile too." How would you say that effected your, well, way of living. "Not such. It was interesting. A nice relief from shit jobs for a bit. It didn't change my life or anything." Of course, a small number of aspirants do become 'gallery-babies'. They tend to be the ones who want it, who really want it. Who work toward it, and plot for it and kiss the right ass for it. Nope, the art game isn't pretty, and purity doesn't enter into it. Some cleverists might be saying, "Well, you've got the art world sounding an awful lot like the corporate world. The eager beavers get ahead, the confused wander around at the bottom, and the refusers rot in their own turbid little corner." Yep, that's just what I'm saying its like, all tied up with a big bow that says don't kid yourself." These are the choices your making even in blessed artland. There is no escape from what society intends for its members, at least, not without consequences. But there seems to be more people everyday who prefer the consequences.

By Conn

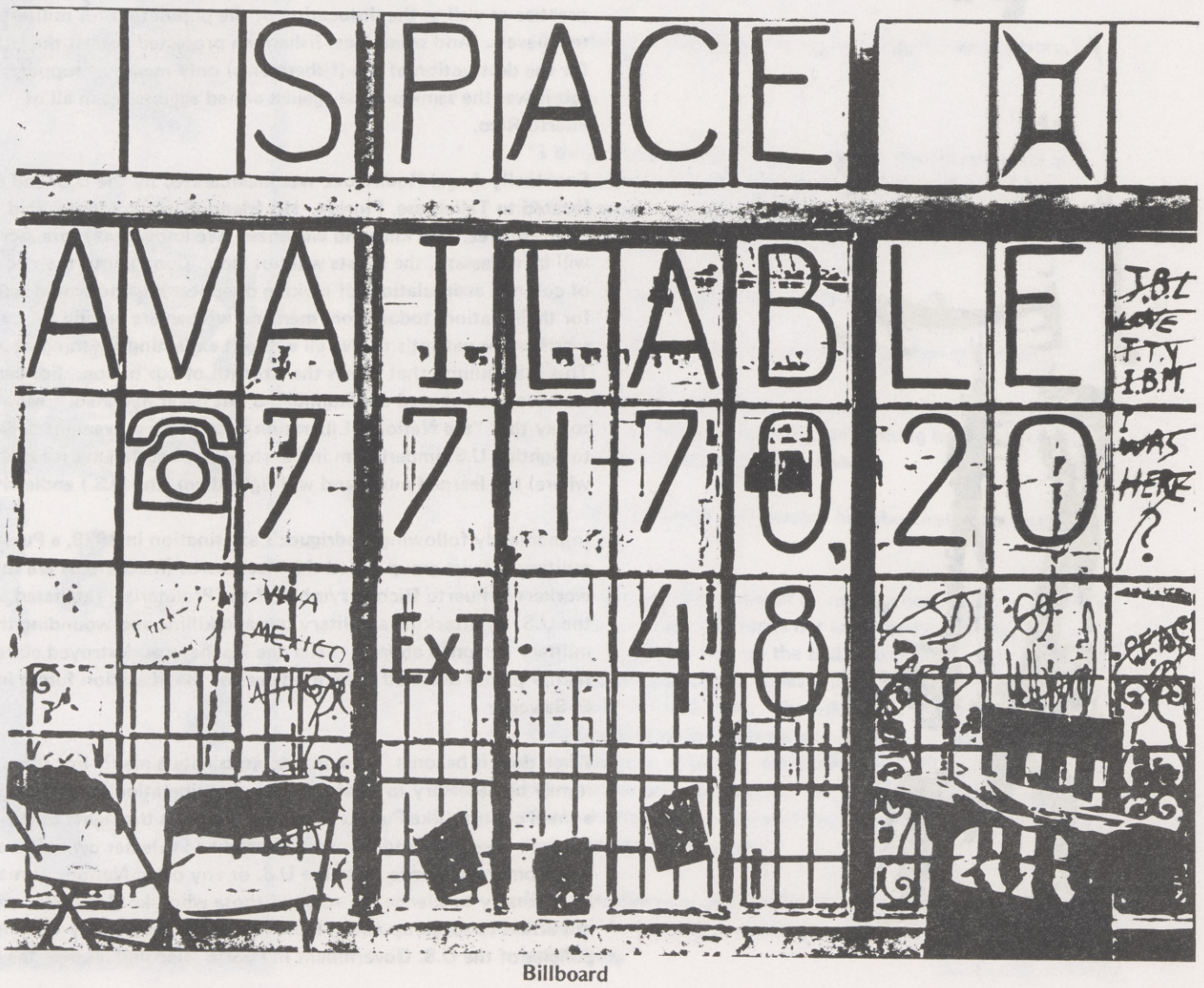
My billboard piece was influenced by Christo's Running Fence. Like Christo, I wanted to communicate and form a dialogue with the outside world, I feel that I have a moral duty to reach people from all levels, not necessarily through galleries or museums. Today, more than ever, its harder to reach people. The public has been brain-washed by the media. How can one convince someone to look through the window, to care about one's environment, to make them realize that everything is fucked-up and its really a quarter to twelve.

There is something in people's complacency that scared me, so I'll keep doing billboards, and maybe tomorrow, you and I will stop believing the lies of the Coca-Cola and Marlboro Man billboards.

I want to thank everybody who helped me with this project - I could not of done it alone. Wait for the next billboard!

Translated by Meredith A. Lee

Eitan Hellel



Billboard

MOVIE REVUES

COME BACK TO THE 5IVE AND DIME JIMMY DEAN – the first five minutes of this movie can be very confusing if you don't relize that it is a play. Sandy Dennis gets tiresome, Karen Black is intriguing, and Cher has always been my favorite . . . . . so I like this one.

TIMERIDER– this movie is not at all entertaining; give it up!

GANDHI– no way is this picture worth the five dollars it costs to get in the theatre. India has never been very interesting and this movie proves it. How could the same country that gave us the caste system give the greatest contribution to humanity. This film is vastly over rated----------sorry but, this person is not buying it.

VIDEODROME– too bad Debrah Harry can't be in a good movie.

FRANCES– this movie is a product of the same hollywood it condems. It's a fairytale story where the girl grows up beautiful, girl gets into the movies, girl gets out of movies, girl gets back into movies, girl gets lobotomy, and finally girl gets a car from a T.V. show.

TOOTSIE– haven't seen this one but, I think I heard someone say that they liked it.

STARSTRUCK– if you're looking for some insight into life chances are you won't find it in this movie. However, if you want to spend an hour or so with some fun colours and some toe tapping music ----------I say yes!

Dawn Kelly

GOLD COAST: A PERFORMANCE FESTIVAL

Febuary 22-March 12, 1983
Emanuel Walter Gallery
All Performances 8pm, Admission FREE

Tuesday, Febuary 22
John White

Thursday, Febuary 24
Bobbie Louise Hawkins

Saturday, Febuary 26
Giuditta Tornetta

Tuesday, March 1
Paul Cotton

Thursday, March 3
Paul McCarthy

Saturday, March 5
Tony Labat

Tuesday, March 8
Barbara Smith

Thursday, March 10
Lewis MacAdams

Saturday, March 12
Dark Bob

Guest Curator: Linda Frye Burnham, Editor, HIGH PERFORMANCE

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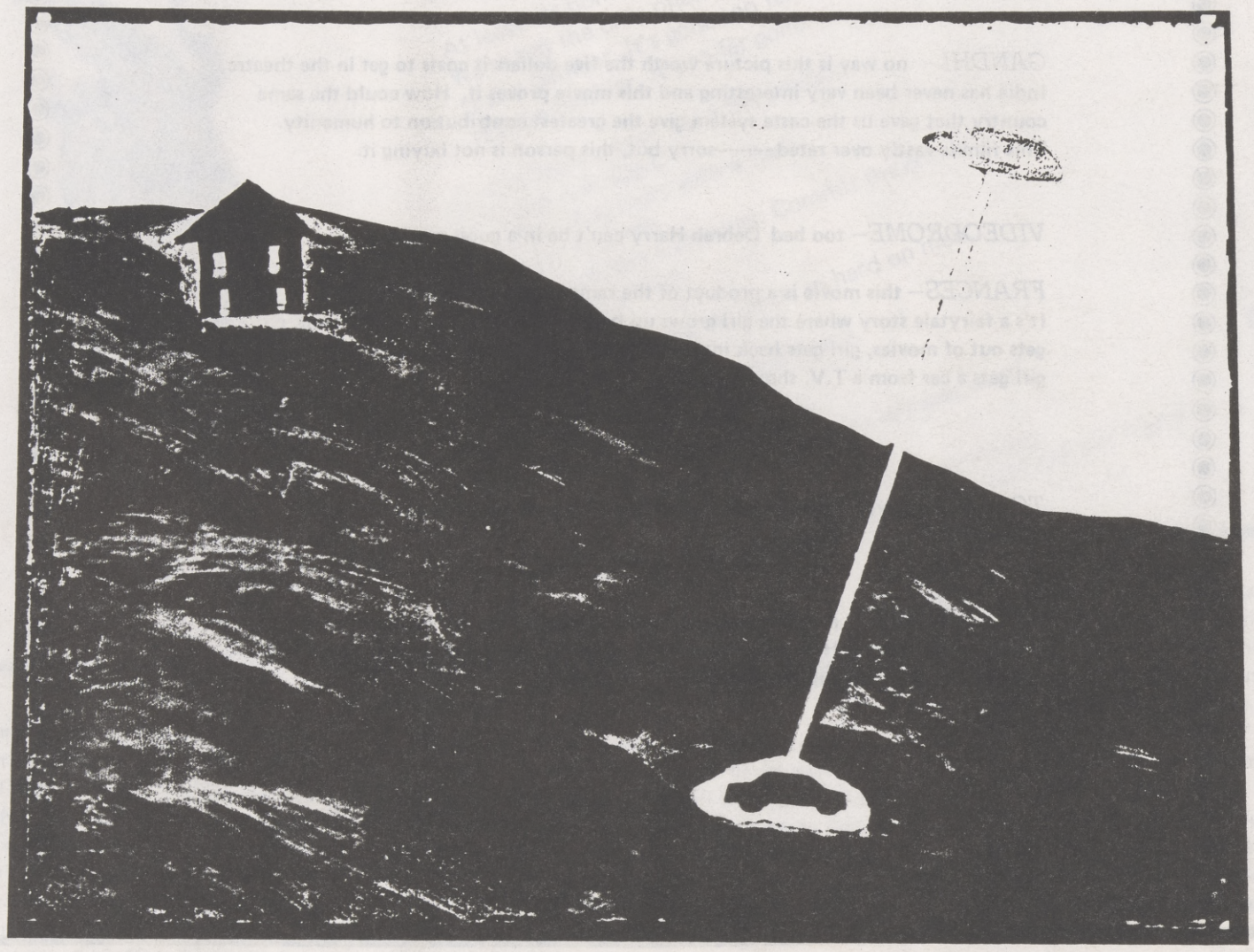
Someone's in that house



Annie Reiniger

because the lights are on.

NOTICES

TELL US ALL YOUR SECRETS

beef Tabloid Wants you to submit to the sacrid cow. Focus on being. Send submissions to :
beef Tabloid
P'O'Box 3932
Omaha,NE 68103

Art Space Available contact Susan Coleman, Student Services. Group projects welcomed. This is the chance you ve been waiting for.

secret bead tribe. no meetings , no dues all you do is where a beaded necklace. anyone wearing a beaded necklace is in the tribe. sssshhhhhh! remember it s a secret.